OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.

Associate Judges— { Irm Derr, Peter K. Herbein. Proth'y and Cl'k of Courts—Jesse Coleman. Register and Recorder—John G. Freeze. { Allen Mann, John F. Fowler, { Montgomery Cole. Sheriff—Samuel Snyder.

Sheriff—Samuel Snyder. Treasurer—John J. Stiles. Auditors - Daniel Snyder, L. B Rupert, John P. Hennon.

(John P. Hannon.
Commissioner's Clerk—Wm. Krickbaum.
Commissioner's Attorney—E. H. Little.
Mercantile Appraiser—Capt. Geo. W. Utt.
County Surveyor—Isaac A. Dewitt.
District Attorney—Milton M. Traugh.
Coroner—William J. Ikeler.
County Superintendent—Chas. G. Barkley,
Assessor Internal Revenue—R. F. Clark.
(John Thomas.

Assistant Assessor -

| Assistant Assessor - | | John Thomas, | J. B. Diemer, | J. H. Ikeler, | J. S. Woods. | Collector - Benjamin F. Hartman.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP. ON MAIN STREET, (NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE,) BLOOMSBUR7, PA. THE undersigned that just fitted up, and opened.

STOVE AND TIN SHOP, in this place, where he is prepared to make up new TS WARK of all kinds in his line, and do repairing with neatness and disputch, upon the most reasonable terms. He also keeps on hand \$\forall VIVAS of various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms to suit ourchasers.

Give him a sall. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the unblic patronage.

Ploomshure Sent. 2, 1865.—IV. Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1868.-1y.

PLASTER FOR SALE. The undersigned is about fitting up a

PLASTER MILL

at the PENN FURNACE MILLS, and will offer to the public ONE HUNDRED TONS BEST

Novia Scotia White Plaster prepared tendy for use in quantities to suit purchasers, at any time from the first of March next.

J. S. McNINGH.

Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1367.

ROOT AND SHOESHOP OSCAR P. GIRTON.

Respectfully informs the public that he is now pre-BOOTS AND SHOES,

at the LOWEST Possible Prices ; at short notice and in the very best and lattet styles.
Mr. Girton, (as is well-known in Shoomsburg.) ha had many years of stocessful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing unsurpassed.

IF Clare of business on South East Corner of Main and Iron Streets, over J. K. Girton's Store.

Bloomsburg. Oct. 10, 1896.—2m.

FORKS HOTEL,

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently under one radical changes in its internal arrangements gove radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its processor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found upplied, not only with substantial food, but with at the delicacies of the scason. His wine and tiquors (except that popular beverage known as "M-Herry") purchased direct from the importing houses, free in the importing houses, free in the importing charge forgs. purchased direct from the inspiring houses, are in tirely pure, and free from all polyanous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal parconge in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future.

GEORGE W. MAUGER. June 13. 1866.--- 1f.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

THE undersigned would most respectfully an-Bounce to the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all kinds of MACHINERY, at JOSEPH BILARPLESS FOUNDRY, in Bloomsburg, where he can always be found ready to do al. Endo of repairing, including Threshing Machines, had in short, all kinds of Farming Utensitis. Filso, TURNING AND FITTING UP OF CANTING AND MACHINERY. done on short notice, in a good workmanlike man uer, upon the most reasonable terms.

His long experience in the husiness as foreman it has shop of Lewis II. Maus of this place, for over nice years, warrants him in saying that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866, GBOKGE HASSERT.

INVENTORS' OFFICES.

D'EPINEUIL & EVANS. Civil Sugineers and Patent Solicitors. No. 135 w

eling expenses as there is no actual need for pursual interview with us. All business with these Offices can be transacted in writing. For Carther information direct as above, with stampenclosed for Ciscular with references.

April 18, 1884-19, - J W.

FALLON ROUSE. THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallor

property of E. W. Bigeny. E.q., would say to the friends of the House, his keguanitances, and the public generally, that he intends to 'keep a Horse, with the accommodations and comforts of a Horse, and bumbly solicits thuir patronage.

J. OFFENRIER. LOCK HAVEN, Pa-, Late of the Madison House, Philadel

M ISS LIZZIE PETERMAN, uld announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and Spring and Summer

Spring and Summ

emassising of all articles a usually found in first class Millinery Stores. Her goods are of the best quality and among the most handsome and cheapest in the market. Call and examine them for yourselves. Nobody should purchase diswhere before examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bonnets made to order, on the shortest notice, or repaired.

Store on Main street, 3d door below the store of Mendenhall & Rupert.

Bloomaburg, May 9, 1866.—16.

NEW TOBACCO STORE. . H. H. HUNSBERGER,

Main Street, below the "American House,

BLOOMSBURG, PA., there he haves on hand, and furnishes to the hom of country trade, at Philade phia (lowest) prices.

PINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCOS.

MESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGAR all kinds of SMOKING TOBACCO. Missing to the cities for every still they make an all in special to the strain.

Those small retail dealers in cigars and chow-cocce, world do well to give him a call, in an action of the cities for every still they are purchasing of these country pediars. THE

Bloomsburg Democrat. IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN

ELOGMSEURG, PA., BY

WILLIAMSON IS, JACOBY. TERMS, \$2.00 in advance. If not paid within SLX MONTHS, 50 centeradditional will be charged. The paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the editor. RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Transient advertisements payable in advance all others due after the first insertion.

27 OFFICE - In Shive's Block, Cor. of Main dan Iron Streets.

W. H. JACOBY,

Chomphus, Columbia County, Fa W. H. JACOBY, Gloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa

THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE. I often think each tottering form That limps along in life's decline Once bore a heart as young, as warm, As full of idle thoughts as mine! And each has had its dream of joy,

Its own uncounsed pure romance! Commencing whom the blushing boy First thrilled at lovely woman's glance. And each could tell his tale of youth. Would think its scenes of love evince More passion, more unearthly truth Than any tale before or since. At midnight perior or since.

Yes, they could tell of tender lays.

At midnight period in classic shades,

Of days more bright than modern days—

And maids more fair than modern maids

Of kisses on a blushing check, Each kiss, each whisper far too dear Our modern lips to give or speak. Of passions too untimely crossed— Of passions slighted or betrayed— Of kindred spirits early lost, And buds that bioseomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay. Elastic form and noble brow, And forms that have all passed away, And is it thus—is human love So very light and frail a thing? And must youth's I right visions move Forever on time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright. And all the lips that talk of bliss, And all the forms so fair to sight, Hereafter only come to this? Then what are all earth's treasures worth. If we at length must lose them thus If all we value most on earth Ere long must fade away from us?

THE BROKEN MEART. BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Of any true affection, but 'twns nipt With care that, like the catterpling cats The leaves of the spring's sweetest books, the rose.

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeting, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictitions of novelets and poets. My observations on human nature have taught me to think otherwise. They have convinced me that however the surface of character may be chilled or frozen by the cares of the world, or 'cultivated into mere guilles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in the effects. Indeed, I am a believer in the blind deity, and go the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointment. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fairl to my own sex. But I firmly believe that is with others down many a lovely woman into an carly grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, of a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He peeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the would's thought, and domination over his fellow men. But a woman's, whole life is a history of anotions. The heart is her world; it is there her a varice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure ; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if ship. friends have reached a spirit so shocked and wrocked her case is hopeless-for it is a driven in by horror, she would have exbankruptcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; blast some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plurgo into tried all kinds of occupation and anusethe tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associaions, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of morning, can of calamity that scathe and search the soul; By to the uttermost parts of the earth and that penetrate the vital scat of happiness, be at rest."

But a woman's is comparatively a fixed, secluded and a meditative life. She is haunts of pleasure, but she was as much more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall we look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress, that has been captured and sacked and abandoned and left desolate. How many bright eyes grow dim, how

many soft cheeks grow pale; how many

lovely forms fade away into the tomb and

none can tell the cause that blighted their

rest is broken; the sweet refreshment of melted every one into tears .

led frame sinks under the slightest injury, so remarkable for its enthusiasm. It comeasy a prey to the spoiler.

worm proying at its heart. We find it sud- her heart was unalterably another's. could have smitten it with decay.

running to waste and neglect, and disappear- a broken heart. ing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exalted to heaven; and have repeatedly funcied that I could trace their she is far from the land where her young here death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, molancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstanees are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall give them is the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmett, the Irish patriot. as it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. He was so young, so intelligent, so brave, so everything we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, teo, was so lofty and intropid. The noble indignation with which he replied to the charges of treason against his country; the elequent vindication of his name, and his pathetic

But there was one heart whose anguish t would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl the daughter of a late distinguished Irish barrister. She loved him with the forvor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger, darkened around his his sufferings. If, then, his fate could swaken the sympathy of his focs, what must have been the agony of her whose soul, was occupied by his image? Let those who have the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth, who have sat at its threshold, on one shut out in a cold and lonely world. from whence all that was lovely and loving had departed.

But the horrors of such a grave! so hightful, so dishonored, there was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation; none of those tender though melanchely circumstanees that endear the parting scene; nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of auguish. To render her widowed situation more

desperate she had incurred her father's displeasure by the unfortunate attachment and was an exile from the parential roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of perferned no want of consolation for the Here is a fair sample : Irish are people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and ment to dissipate her grief and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes and blast it never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent alone there as in the depths of solitude. She carried within her an inward, woe that mocked all the blandishments of frendship, and "heeded not the voice of the charmer,

charm be never so wisely." The person who told me her story had the purpose having been accorded them by seen her at a masquerade. There can be the proprietor on the principal that "wedno exhibition of far gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet in a briskness in the dry goods business." such a scene. To find wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings is gay-to see it dressed out in trappings of red hair, keep away from me or you will set to its sides, and cover the arrow that is prey- mirth, and looking so wan and woe begone, me on fire. No danger of that replied fifty of whom he saw before him, that he was the supper hour at the station. On he ing on its vitals, so it is the nature of as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor Sally, you are too green to burn.

woman to hide from the world the pangs of heart in a momentary forgetfulness of sorwounded affection. The love of a delicate row. After strolling through the splendid maiden is shy and silent. Even when for- rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter tunate she scarcely breathes it to herself; abstraction, she sat herself down on the but when otherwise she buries it in the steps of the orehestra, and looking about deep recesses of her bosom, and there lets for sometime with a vacant air, that showed Hassall, a wealthy Australian squatter. The it cower and broad among the ruins of her her insensibility to the garish scene, she peace. With her the desire of her heart began, with the capriciousness of a sickly has failed. The great charm of existence is heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She at an end. She neglects all the cheerful had an exquisite voice, but on this occasion exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken it was so simple, so touching, it breathed the pulse, and send the tide of life in forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she healthful currents through the veins. Her drew's clowd muse and silent around her, and

sleep is poisened by melancholy dreams-"dry The story of one so true and tender could sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfect- not but exercise great interest in a country Look for her after a while; and you will pletely won the heart of a brave officer, who find friendship weeping over an untime'y paid his own addresses to her, and thought grave, and wondering that one who but lately that one so true to the dead could not but borhood, and in this the men baked their tend you as well as I can: so that matter is self in the defense of criminals, as well as in glowed with all the radiance of health and prove affectionate to the living. She declinbeauty, should so early be brought down to ed his attentions, for her thoughts were ir and salt, and boiled their kettle of tea. Their "darkness and the worm." You will be revocably engressed by the memory of her told of some wintery chill, some casual in | former lover. He however persisted in his disposition that laid her low; but no one suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but knows of the mental malady that previous her esteem. He was assisted by her con- cups and plates, and two or three knives and was awoke by a call from Storey. ly sapped her strength, and made her so viction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for a kettle and saucepan and gridiron were She is like some tender tree, the pride she was existing on the kindness of friends, and beauty of the grove; graceful in its In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining form, bright in its foliage, but with the her hand, though with the assurance that

dealy withering when it should be most fresh He took her with him to Sicily, hoping and luxuriant. We see its branches droop- that change of scone might wear out the ing to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, remembrance of early woes. She was an until wasted and perished away, it sails even amiable and exemplary wife, and made an in the stillness of the forest; and as we effort to be a happy one; but nothing could muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in cure the silent and devouring melancholy vain to collect the blast or thunderbolt that that had entered into her very soul. She wasted in a slow and hopeless decline, and I have seen many instances of woman at length sunk into the grave, the victim of

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following:

lie had lived for his love-for his country died:
They were all that to life had entwined himor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

G make her a grave where the sunbrams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow:
They it show o'er her sleep a suite from the
ther own loved island of surrow.

Surrait in Prison.

One of the enterprising er respondents of the Ledger made his way into the jail where John Surrait is confined, a few days since, and gave to the readers of that journal not only his observations, but, as it would appear, as light evidence of his maginative powers. This has attracted the attention of Mr. T. B. Brown, the warden of the jail,

who thus responds appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered very deeply ton correspondence of the Philadelphia Led.

Lipon returning from New York this even much feared it had been bitten by a snake it down here, and I'll go back for the bundled in the bush. He lit his pipe, and died in the bush. into every generous bosom, and even his ger concerning a visit to the jail and a consmooted the stern policy that die versation with John II. Surratt, which may busied himself out of doors, and once more wilds of Australia could have found his way this noted prisoner. In the first place the said correspondent nover would have been meal for himself and his companion. He admitted inside the prison to converse with was about to book the freshly-made dampers. Stratt had be not, in my absence, persuaded the physician to accompany him in his round of duty. He speaks of the prisoner being allowed in the jail yard and no fastenings to the gates except a bar, which he thought could be easily removed, and the security for prisoners not very great. In a severe to for prisoners not very great. In answer to this charge I would say all the prisoners are let in the yard twice every day to get fresh came from a cluster of bushes at a little dis-air, &c. Surratt does not go out with the tance off. With an anxious heart he ran to name, she loved him the more ardently for rest of the prisoners, but by himself, and then accompanied by a guard. The gates spoken of are both barred and locked.— lying on the ground, bleeding from numer-larged to his faring so well, having every our wounds, and with a spear-head still for some days, till Storey had partly recover. delicacy sent him is no more than all the sticking in the body. Lifting Storey in his for some days, till Storey had partly recover, rest of the prisoners are entitled to and do arms, he carried dim to the hut and laid el his strength. At last he bothought him. receive from their friends whenever they choose to send anything. To be sure Suratt has a whole cornder to himself, because we are obliged to have him away from all other prisoners. The impression that the prisoner is not perfectly scenre, and that the offifrom the jail for the last nineteen months, head of the spear, and continued bathing which, without much difficulty, he could although a more insecure and dilapidated the wound, except for a short time, when he and the character of the priso ars, as desperate burglars, thieves, &c., is as bad as can be found anywhere in the country. The said correspondent if he should ever be unfortunate enough to be confined within it.

He had no longer Rover to give him often had to make a wide circuit to avoid any fortunate enough to be confined within its walls,, would have a chance to judge correctly whether it is so easy to make his escape ly whether it is so casy to make his escape as he imagines. I am responsible for the been speared. The pain being soothed,

> Paris gossip in the London Herald contains receiving several wounds, but had been "We must camp here to-night, mate," the following: "At the Faubourg they are speared again half a mile or so from the hut, he said to Storey. "Perhaps to-morrow my just now fond of Greek and anagrams. and had crawled the rest of the distance, legs will be able to move; to-day they can Napoleon.

Apoleon. Poleon. Oleon. Leon. Fon On.

"They tell you that every one of these words is a Greek word, that their whole forms a Greek word, that their whole forms a Greek sentence written in this order: Napoleon on oleon leon con apoleon poleon. and that the sentence means in English: 'Napoleon, being the lion of the people, was marching on destroying the cities.

A Rural Couple was spliced a week or two ago in a dry goods store in Springfield, Ill., permission to use the premises for dings are certain, sooner or later, to produce

Sally, said a fellow to a girl who had

The Brave Shephard. A TRUE STORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSIL

Some years ago two men, Charles Story and Edward Ladbury, had charge of an outlying sheep-station, belonging to Mr. John first named was the shephard, the second the hut-keeper. Their hut stood in the midst of the niggers will be back again. Do you feets, a scene of primitive nature. Except the folds for the flocks, there were no enclosures you?" of any description. The country was an open expanse of grass, with a few undulations dotted sparcely with evergreen trees. mostly of the stringy-bark species. The walls of the hut were built of rough stakes, with mud and reeds between them; other long poles formed the roof, which was covered with rushes. The fire-place was constructed of stones collected from the neighdaily damper, composed of four and water settled." store consisted of salt beof and pork, flour forks, formed their dinner and tea service : their chief cooking utensils; some rough slabs of the stringy-bark trees on tressels, ticking filled with wool, a couple of blankets,

Such a life as they led, in spite of its squalor, and suffering. Here they enjoyed his strength, and sank to the ground. pure air, a bright sky, and abundance of food, and were removed from the temptahave once occupied nearly every position in me." tand pasture.

Ladbury had no lack of duney. There out his bundle was the folds to repair here and there, some to. His dinner was quickly dispatched. - | do.

bim on his bed. NAPOLEGN IN GREEK .- A chapter of by natives. He had run from them after obliged to halt near a stream. till he fainted from the lost of blood and the pain he was suffering.

poor fellows, with no white man nearer the sun rose, casting a flery heat over the than twenty miles, and no surgeon within, plain. Storey had not moved. Ladbury probably, two hundred. Night at length looked at him, anxiously expecting to find came on, when, as the natives never move him no longer alive. He roused up, howevabout in the dark, they knew they were er, and after some breakfast, again Ladbury safe. But they both felt certain the attack harnessed himself to the sleigh and moved would be renewed by daylight, and the event on. Often he was obliged to halt: some proved they were right.

Soon after dawn Ladbury, who, overe me

"We are saved, Charlie," he exclaimed, think you could move along if I were to help

"No, Ned, that I couldn't." answered and if you can bring help I know you will: if | oircum tances occurred to draw it out? not-why my sand is protty well run out as it is. God's will be done.'

"Leave you, Charley !-that's not what I think of doing," said Ladbury, firmly .- i'al story connected with a prominent lawyer

The hours past slowly by. Ladbury cooked their food and nursed lefs mate as gently and rice in casks, a chest of tea, some sugar as a woman could have done. Night came, and raisins, and a few other articles. Tim and at length they both slept. Ladbury adjoining county, he was applied to by a

"Ned, sleep has done me good; I think I could travel if I were once on my legs." he

Ladbury silently made up their bedding and the few household articles they possessed and akangaroo-skin rug a-piece, formed their into a bundle, which he hoisted on to his broad shoulders.

"Now, mate, come along," he said, lifting sameness, its solitude, and danger, has its Storey up; and making him rest on his arm. charms for many men. They were conten- It was two hours pa t midnight, and they ted. May be, their early days had been had hoped to get a good start of the blacks. spent in poverty and starvation in some But they had not proceeded many hundred crowded city, amid seenes of profligacy, yards before Storey found he had overrated

"Now, Ned. you must go," he whispered. "Save yourself; I can but die once, and tions which cace beset them. Those who you'll only lose your life if you stop to help

life will be found among the shepherds and What I've said I'll do, I hope to stick hut-keepers of Australia - brought to pov- 15," answered Ladbury. Still Storey urged erty either through their own faults or the bim to continue his journey alone. Ned faults of others. Few like to speak of their made no reply, but suddenly started off at early lives. Whatever had been the posi- a quick pace. Sad indeed must have been tion of Storey and Ladbury, they were now poor Storey's feelings when he saw him dissteadily performing their duty. Having appear in the gloom of night. Death was dispatched their early breakfast, the two coming sure enough. Already he repented men counted and examined their sheep as of having urged his friend to fly. Daylight they came out of the fold, and picked out would discover him to the blacks, and they those requiring any particular treatment - would finish their work in revenge for the Storcy then started with the flock to a dis- escape of his companion. Suddenly a footstep was heard. Ladbury appeared with-

"What? did you think I really was sick sheep to dector, the roof of the hut to going?" he asked, in a low veice. "You'll patch, and a piece of garden ground which not beg me to leave you again, mate. Come, ie had wisely begun to cultivate, to attend got on my shoulders; we'll see what I can

His usual companion, a favorite dog, had Ladbury walked on with the wounded man disappeared: he could not tell how but on his back for half a mile or more. "Now much feared it had been bitten by a snake sit down here, and I'll go back for the bunsmoked and thought awhile: Again he No one but a man long accustomed to the same sound again reached his cars. It another mile, much less to carry his two came from a cluster of bushes at a little dis. burdens. Storey had again became so ill. the place and there found his companies | ed doubtful that he would survive if moved arms, he carried shim to the hut and laid el his strength. At last he bethought him, that though Storey could not walk, and he 'It's the work of those black fellows," could no longer carry him on his shoulders. and Ladbury, looking out round the hut .- he might drag him along, should the blacks None were in sight. He came back, and not have traced them out. He accordingly, warming some water, inthed poor Storey's with the aid of some sticks cut from the wounds; then he carefully cut out the barbed | bush, and their bedding, formed a sleigh poured some warm ten down the sufferer's ed man, with such provisions as remained. throat. Every moment while thus employ- and recommenced his toilsome journey over warning of the approach of a foe. There corps or rocky ground which lay in his prisoner, and intend to keep him safely un-til ready to be tried by a jury of his country-non. Storey at length, to Ladbury's great joy, returned to consciousness, and explained Ladbury toiled on: his own strength was that he had been attacked early in the day rapidly giving away. Once more he was

> do no more." The night passed away in silence; the morning was ushered in with the Sad indeed was the condition of these two strange sounds of the Australian bush, and times he could only move a few hundred yards at a time ; a few minutes' rest enabled with fatigue, had dozed off, was startled by him again to go on. Still the stages became the sound of a spear being forced through shorter and the rests longer as the evening the reed-made door of the hut. Another approached. He felt that he could not exand another followed through the slightly list another night in the bush. The station formed walls. "We shall be murdered, could not now be far off. A faintness was mate, if I dou't put them to flight," he ex- creeping over him. On, on, he went, as if claimed, taking his pocket-knife, and bill- in a dream. Several times he stumbled hook, the only weapons he possessed, the and could searcely recover himself. A sound first in the left hand, and the other partly reached his ears; it was a dog's bark. With covered by his coat, so that it looked like a | the conviction that help could not be far off. pistol. "All ready. We may never meet his strength seemed to return. The roofs againin this world, so good bye Charley; but of the wood sheds and huts appeared. No I'll chance it." Suddenly is sprang through one could be seen. Even then he and his the doorway, shouting to the blacks, nearly friend might perish if he did not go on. It would shoot if they didn't run. They scarce- must go. He got nearer and nearer, stumb- as soon at you ston narms

ly daring to look at what they believed to ling and panting. The door of the chief hut be his pistol, after exchaning a few words was reached, and he sank fainting across the with each other, to his great relief began to threshold. Every attention was paid to the retire, and as he shouted louder took to their two men. Ladbury soon recoved. Poor Storey was conveyed to the hospital at Albany but so great had been the shock to his system, almost breathless with excitement. "But that in a short time he sunk under its ef-

We read of the gallant acts of our soldiers and sailors in the face of an enemy, but is there not also heroism in the character of Storey. "But do you get away. You'd this Australian shepherd-heroism which easily reach Jennymungup before nightfall, might never have been suspected had not

A Conscientious Lagger.

The Danville (N. Y.) Lepress tells a cap-"While you have life I'll stay by you, and of that village, who has distinguished himconnection with other trials, having frequently, through his skill, sided the most hardened criminals to escapé from justice. Some tive ago, while he was attending court in an singular specimen of humanity charged with grand larceny, to defend him. The lawyer very naturally inquired what crime he was accused of. The party accused replied that somebody had been mean enough to charge him with stealing \$150 in bank notes, an l had got him indicted. "Are you guilty ?" asked the lawyer.

"That's none of your busines," replied the accused. "They say it makes no difference with you, whether a man is guilty or not, you will contrive to dig him out some way. So don't talk any more about the guilty till you hear what the jury says." "Well, what about the pay?" said the

"You just hold on till the trial is ever. give I —— (the complainant) h-1 on the cross examination, and the other fellow he has get t back him up, and you'll have no trouble about the pay."

The trial commenced and proved to be a somewhat exciting and protracted one .-The district attorney proved that the money in question was composed of two \$50 bills on a certain bank, and the remainder all in \$10 bills, all of which were wrapped up in a piece of oil silk. The Jury, after listening to the ecunsel in the case, and receiving the charge of the Judge, retired, and soon returned with a verdict of not guilty. The accused who was greatly elated with the result of the trial and the effort of his counsel, invited the latter into one of the vacant jury rooms. As seen as they more alone he slapped his counsel on the shoulder, and exclaimed :

"Free as water, ain't 1? What's the use of trying a man for stealin when you are around? Now I suppose you want your

"Yes, have you got any thing to pay with?" said the lawyer.

"Lend me your knife and we'll see about

The lawyer, slightly startled at such a roposition, rather relactently complied .-The accused immediately commenced ripping and cutting away at the waistband of bis pantaleons, and soon produced the roll of bills for the stealing of which he had just been tried, wrapped up in the identical piece of silk described by the witnesses for the prosecution, and throwing it down on the table before the as enished lawver, exclaimed: "There, take your pay out of that, I guess there is enough to pay you tolerably

"Why you villain! you stole that money after all, said the lawyer. "Do you excet I can take any of that money?"-

Stole that money! Didn't them twelve men up stairs there just say I didn't steal it? What's the use of trying to raise a anestion of conscience after twelve respectable men have given their opinion on the subject? Take your pay out of that and ask no questions. Don't be modest in taking; I got it easy enough, and you've worked hard enough for it."

. Our informant does not state how much the lawyer took, but we presume the chap didn't have much change left after our friend had satisfied his "conscience" in the

MIGHTY DECEIVES'. "-The Portland Argus relates the following:

The new style of short dresses are "mighty deceivin." A benevolent old gentlemen, a little near sighted, came near getting into trouble over in Congress street yesterday, for remarking familiarly: "Well, sis, are your ears cold this morning?" The party addressed turned upon the old gentlemen, fiercely, with "insolent puppy," "old villain," &c., and he found that instead of accosting a school miss he had addressed a lady in the full bloom of womanhood .--Perhaps "sis" was right after all.

18. A Farmer's boy was told to give the cows some cabbages, and to give the cow that yielded the most milk the largest share. He literally obeyed the order, and deposited he largest share on the pump.

"Where are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?" demanded Mr. Jone . "Home, sir, home, don't detain me ; I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I must deliver it before the fashion changes.

15 A woman fainted in a New York theater a few nights some, and water being thrown into her face, she revived, exclaiming, 'Oh, my new bonuet !"

Never purchase love or frendship by gifte, for when thus obtained they are lost